

# THE WIGTONIAN

DO NOT BE  
AFRAID. I WILL  
NOT HARM THEE  
LOOK UNTO  
MY EYES...



**COL. BUCROGERS  
WAS AGHAST  
AT WHAT HE SAW!!**

HANLEY







# AN INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR

There was a young lad (goes the story),  
Whose tastes were exceedingly hoary,  
When asked what he wanted  
He just sat there, and grunted:  
"Gimme Walt Disney's Comics and Stories!"

As time passed, the lad did mature,  
And his tastes not once did deter,  
Besides readin' for school,  
(He wasn't no fool)  
He asked for super-heroes of that nature.

As time passed, he went on to Marvel,  
(His tastes not once did they starvel)  
The lad, he did say:  
"Anytime, any day,  
The comic for me is a Marvel."

But like fate had almost : planned 'em  
He finally 'came acquainted with fandom.  
But neophyte was he:  
He thought RB/CC  
Was the very best in the landem.

But as his ideas began to fill,  
Of fandom he almost became ill.  
But thanks to Dwight, Rich, Rod and Phil Pritts,  
(not to mention Doug Fratz)  
His works now fill the insides of Acruzill!

The End...?







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# THE WIGTONIAN

is a special one-shot published by Doug Fratz, R.R.#1, Accident, Maryland 21520, in an effort to acquaint fandom with the writing of fan writer Craig Wigton. Cost: 25¢. One hundred numbered copies printed. This is Hogwash Underground Press Publication #75. Also associated with the F.F.C.G. of Detroit. August 1970.

## PUBLISHER'S PREFACE:

My first contact from Craig Wigton was the summer of 1968, when, after receiving Comico #1, he wrote me and sent the illustrated origin of The Wedge. At that time I had a very strict definition of what would go into Co, and one that didn't include fan fiction. But, as I did with almost everything I received in my earlier fanzine days (when not asked otherwise), I kept Craig's story in Co's growing files. There it lay for many months, and the memory of it faded.

Then, at one of the informal meetings of Garrett County Fandom, Rich Adams, Phillip Pritts, and Dwight Harvey asked to look through my files for possible material for their zine then in planning, Adult Crudzine Illustrated. When they came upon the Wigton piece, they all loved it. We all loved it, and Dwight immediately claimed it for their zine. I gave it up because, first, I still wanted Co to be a straight article zine, and I really didn't think fan satire or humor would really fit. And Acruzil was a humor zine, and Wigton fit perfect. So, when the first issue came out, it was Craig Wigton's first introduction to fandom.

Crudzine got a fair circulation, in actuality. Many of the 200 printed were sold locally, recruiting many Wigton fans locally. Garrett County took them to many conventions. At Balticon (Feb. 1970) several fans were recruited through the zine. At Oakcon (also Feb. 1970, but here in Garrett County) The Wedge origin was read to a crowd of at least 20 fans at the pre-con party at my lake house. And many issues of Crudzine were sold and given away, and many (oh well, a few anyway) Wigton fans were gained. At Boskone, we gave issues of the fanzine to all the pros, including, if I remember right, Isaac Asimov, Ben Bova, Larry Niven, Gordy Dickson, and others.

But still, Wigton is almost unknown. Still, has had only one small story published. And still, I felt that Comico would be best if it concentrated on fan discussion, not fiction. Rich and gang were having the usual troubles getting out their zine anywhere near regularly, and even so they did not plan to publish any quantity of Wigton work. So I planned the only thing I could do in such a situation: A Wigton One-Shot. I think Dwight suggested the title, and after that, it was all down-hill.

-Doug Fratz

The cover is by Alan J. Hanley.



# THE WEDGE

by

Craig Wigton

The Wedge story that follows is the one first printed in Adult Crudzone Illustrated, and the one first sent in to me and Co. I have decided to reprint it here because, first, it is in many ways preliminary to the other super-hero stories here, the Legion of Decency story especially. Also, I feel it a perfect introductory story to start off the volumn. It is typical Wigton humor/satire. It is packed full of what can only be termed "Wigtonianisms". In fact, Craig has managed to squeeze more humor, both obvious and subtle, many times both at once, into this small story than in many of his larger stories, which are pretty full of humor themselves.

After the Wigtonianisms and overall style are digested, there comes the elements of super-hero satire to be found in both these first two stories of The Wedge. Comics fans, and sf fans with some knowledge of the long evolution of the super-hero, will certainly be able to appreciate some of the satire of these two pieces.

But injoining these two elements is where I feel Wigton shows real genius. Most other satires of hack writing (such as the lesser comics super-hero works of the 40s & 50s), when best done, try to keep within the style of that which is being satired, while simply exaggerating the weak points of said satired material for the ridiculousness needed for humor. However, Wigton managed to spin elaborate and in many cases subtle satire around his own original and very interesting humor style, without hurting either element.

And, as usual for Wigton, a very interesting product results.

-Long



No one knows what happens when you are killed. Even you are a little bewildered because it happens so soon.

This is what happened to Amos Hogan. In the tool and die factory where he worked, he was the stamping foreman -- was, because he is no more; the one Amos Hogan is now dead. Fixing the stamping press one day, the horrible twist of fate came upon him, and the machine came down upon him, leaving him as flat as a pancake, as well as dead.

The late Amos Hogan made history to be buried in a three foot wide coffin. But this was the case, since men squashed by a stamping machine do not often stay in the same dimensions.

As things go, this type of news does not often go unnoticed, to the bad people in life as well as the good people.

This was the case of Doctor Zolar, a typical evil scientist. But, being very, very old, he chose to do one good deed before he kicked off. So, one dark midnight, he sneaked into the cemetery, and stole the body of Amos Hogan!

Being in mind to bring Hogan back to life, he strapped the corpse to a round table that was as flat as Amos was. Then, he bombarded the body with every type of ray imaginable. X-rays, alpha, beta, gamma, and even grandpa rays were being soaked into the lifeless body.

And slowly, ever so slowly, the eyes opened, and Amos Hogan was alive again!

But Doctor Zolar was not. Because of his bad heart, the shock of his new creation finished him off.

Although Doctor Zolar was dead, Amos Hogan was not. Because of the rays he absorbed, the clothing he was wearing was altered into a super costume! The table he was strapped to had been permanently welded to his body. And much more, the crack throughout the middle of the table had become part of him!

Through the day he became acquainted with his new powers. He could fly by just floating on the air currents because of his paper thin body. His amazing powers let him become invulnerable when he folded in half, the table protected him. Locked doors were easy because he could just slide under them.

But, of course, the big choice was whether to become a super-hero or villain. Luckily, he chose to dedicate his life to eliminating evil.

(The End)

The above was reprinted with permission from Adult Crudzine Illustrated, available for 25¢ from Phillip Pritts, 216 N. 2nd St., Oakland, Md. 21550.



MORE OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE WEDGE  
by Craig Wigton

Obscured by darkness, a cape garbed figure wanders along a section of warehouses in Coral City. Acting very strangely is this mysterious stranger. He looks around him, acting like he should be meeting someone here. But wait! He hears a noise behind one of the warehouse doors. He raises a clenched fist toward the doors.

Suddenly, pure waves of energy in the shape of his fist emanate from his body, shattering the door with the fury of a thunderstorm.

His hunches were correct, since as soon as the powerful waves hit the door, a body was also cast away by the explosion. Now it lay in a corner by some boxes, its protective shell around it, since it was The Wedge!

The sinister figure approached the fallen figure.

"Ah, the joy of defeating a super-hero! And to think I, the Repulse, have done what no villain has done before. I've defeated The Wedge!"

Standing there, gloating, he uses his power to attempt to transport The Wedge to his hideout. Using his amazing power, he holds his hands out in front of him as to pick something up. The waves of energy emanate from his fingertips and the folded form of The Wedge is lifted up into the air. Finally, the energy waves lift the evil Repulse into the air, and all are transported to the hideout.

Much later, The Wedge opens his ears, but not his eyes, as the Repulse gloats aloud:

"Ha, ha, ha, to think that I, the former factory worker, could come to defeat such a 'great hero' as The Wedge! Phwah, phooey on heroes!"

The Wedge knew Repulse was crazier than the average villain because of the way he was talking.

"If there had been no accident with that cattle prod, there would never have been a Repulse. That stupid foreman and his asinine methods! Using a cattle prod to get his men moving! But I was sick of it, yessir, and told that man where to go, but he let me have it, a really big one! But my body absorbed the blast as it blew up, giving me fantastic powers! Wow, what a crime wave Coral City will see when I will finish the idiot Wedge off!"

The Wedge jumps to his feet.

"But you will never see the day when you kill a super-hero!"

The Wedge tries to knock the Repulse down, but instead is knocked down as energy waves absorb the brunt of the impact.

"Now I've got you," muttered the Repulse.

Energy waves are directed towards The Wedge, but rebound off his shell with a "phung".



The Wedge faces the door.

"Try to catch me!"

Try to catch me? Is The Wedge going bananas?

An energy fist flies toward the door, destroying the door, but not The Wedge. The Repulse bounds out the door in pursuit.

He sees a shadow around the corner.

"You can't fool me, Wedge!"

"Of course I can!"

The Wedge stands before him holding a live wire.

"Ha, you think you can hurt me with that?" scoffed the Repulse.

The Wedge, at the risk of being redundant, smiled and replied, "Of course I can."

The Repulse stood there, laughing his head off, until...

"Where'd he go? He was just standing there a moment ago!"

BZZT! All of a sudden, something happens to the Repulse. Out of seemingly thin air, The Wedge had gotten the best of the Repulse's defenses, short circuiting his force waves.

"I knew that would do it!" cried The Wedge, as he had ample reasons to gloat. "Since I can make myself paper thin just by turning one way, almost invisible to his eye. That way I went between his force rays, and used the wire to ground him!"

The Repulse finally stirs, looks up to meet his victor.

"Who am I? What happened?"

"An obvious case of amnesia." said The Wedge, and being a smart cookie, he convinces the Repulse that he is a super-hero.

The End

Unpaid advertisement:

For a fine comic strip zine, try Comic Book#4, now \$1 from Alan J, Hanley, 1940 W. Wilson, Chicago, Ill. 60640. Great artwork by Al.



# WHITEWATER

by

Craig Wigton

Whitewater is another super-hero satire, in the same vein as The Wedge. Here, we see Craig using the same style writing in the origin of another type of super-hero.

By the time you're through reading this story, you will probably have noticed one important thing about Wigton satires: They never get specific. Unlike most satires, neither Whitewater, nor The Wedge, nor any other Wigton super-hero, has any counterpart in the real world of literature. All the satire points are generalized. I'm sure any comics fan, upon searching out points in these stories, and think of a dozen real super-hero situations that they've read that remind them of the Wigton situation, although many times there simply are none fitting exactly. And, of course, many of the points of satire are speculations on the field of the costumed hero in general (like the way all Wigton characters get their uniforms!)...

Even the Wigton style is generalized. As I said, it is completely original, and thus has no counterpart in the history of super-heroes. However, a careful analysis could bring out many similarities to the comics field in general. In the end, Wigton ends up with a style, which, although original, seems to be more characteristic, as a whole, to the costumed hero writing of the 40's and 50's than any particular example from that time.

-Doug



A smock clad figure works feverishly over a hot bunsen burner. In the darkened laboratory works Dr. Mel King, Professor of Chemistry at Coral City College. Why does he work so late, so far after class hours? Let's listen in.

"Now, maybe my colleagues won't laugh at me. This time it's sure to work. My experimental rabbits were given temporary super-human powers when I fed them the formula.... There! No more liquid filtering through... Turn off the burner... Clean everything out of the way so I don't break anything during the transformation. I hope this works."

The ravings of an apparent madman? Dr. King is not insane, only a dedicated scientist whose different theories were scoffed at by his colleagues. Not permitted to experiment on school time, he sacrificed his own free time to test his ideas. Now, it was the testing point of his pet theory, the ability to give abnormal powers to humans, and he was the guinea pig. He raised the white substance in the tube to his lips, downing the liquid in one gulp. But nothing happened.

"Failure! Maybe my colleagues were right, Crackpot theories belong only to a..."

BTOOM!!! An implosion rocks the body of Dr. King, cutting short his soliloquy. A cloud of smoke envelops his body. What could have happened?

The smoke clears. Dr. King's formula did work. He now has powers not found in ordinary men!

"Eureka!" shouts the doctor. But for a name? What could be more suitable a name than Whitewater, since a test tube full of white liquid gave him his start as a super-person?

What for a costume? But none was really needed since his white laboratory outfit was transformed into a costume, complete with cape.

"Now to see whether my theories hold true!"

He flies out the window, breaking it in the process, but not harming himself in the process. He speedily scoops up the pieces and melts the pile by concentrating his powerful eyes on them, making the window good as new. All the powers of fiction are now fact!

But a transformation lasts only ten minutes. An implosion again rocks the body of Whitewater, changing him back into Dr. King.

"The powers of a super-man, incorporated into me! I must be careful so that no one will discover my formula or my identity. Crime, criminals, beware! I will do my best to do the things I made myself to be!"

The End



# WILL POWER

by

Craig Wigton

This is the third story in what could be called Wigton's Super-Hero Trilogy. Again we find a different kind of super-hero being born; one whose powers are mental.

No matter how much work Craig must have put into Whitewater, and especially The Wedge, I somehow feel that this is his favorite story. The humor in this story is subdued, and subtle. And through all the characterization of Will Chambers, it almost seems serious. The satire too is more subtle than usual.

It's my feeling that Craig actually started to get involved with the character he was imagining for Will Chambers, either subconsciously or consciously, and his writing of this story was thus effectly.

I'll have to ask Craig sometime.

In any case, whether this helps the story or hurts the story can only be decided by the reader.

-Doug



The life of a rich kid is not always peaches and cream, as Will Chambers had found out after his seventeen years. Often scorned and ignored because of his wealth, he had become very sensitive, and often he would retreat into a shell. That shell became rock hard when his parents were killed in a car accident.

The poor rich kid became richer, as his parents had left everything to him, stipulating his guardian was to be an eccentric uncle, Dr. Allison Chambers. He soon came to live with Will, bringing along his experiments, setting up a basement workshop.

This did nothing to help the young introvert. He took to meditating long hours after school, because of this his grades suffered, and he finally dropped out. His uncle began tutoring him, trying to find the source of his troubles.

"Will, I know you've had a lot of unhappiness, and I think I know how I can cure it. You seem to be a very sensitive person, and my experiments need an ultra-sensitive person in order to be a success. You see, my goal is to create mastery of mind over matter!"

For the first time in a long while, young Will Chambers retreated from his shell. He knew that he would be part of a goal that might be met.

"Gosh, Uncle Al, that would be great. I know I'm sensitive, I've been getting these terrible headaches recently. Maybe that's my prospective ESP powers trying to work!"

Allison Chambers started experimenting with his young nephew that very day. The techniques cannot be described here, as such advanced experimentation is to be known only to those worthy. The learning process was slow and tedious. Four years went by, slow for some, but very rapid for Will Chambers, who developed the skills of extra sensory perception and mind over matter to the point of perfection. On his twenty first birthday, his uncle had a conference with him.

"Will, I have taught you all I know, you are the epitome of my theories. You have the ability to make your mind do anything you want. You can read minds and possibly make people go against their own wishes. This may sound corny, but Will, you now have THE POWER! Power to do good, to make the world safe. I'll keep your identity a secret if you use your powers for good. You really have no choice, since there are people in this world who would kill you since you are different. You will never lose your powers, but I will still train you to keep your powers at a peak. Your name is your choice, keep your powers in check."

Will was too smart to go bad, he knew his powers were only for good. But for a name? Didn't his uncle have an idea? Will Power, that's it! A powerful name for a powerful hero!

The End



# THE LEGION OF DECENCY

by

Craig Wigton

The origin of The Legion of Decency is the last in this selection of super-hero stories, and serves to tie together all the other super-hero stories presented so far in this zine. Here, all four characters, The Wedge, the Repulse, Whitewater and Will Power, are joined, and in a manner very satiric of the ease in which so many super-hero teams' members first met.

Yet, after that first strange pun in the very first line, most of the humor is again subtle, at least when compared to the original stories of The Wedge. The satire is likewise subdued. The obvious satire can be found in only a few scenes. The rest, where it can be found, must be hunted.

Probably the most noticeable thing is that Craig, even though picking up the loose ends of the first stories, left a whole new set of loose ends with this story; even more than are in the average super-hero team origin story. Hopefully, Craig will pick up these ends in future stories.

But up till then, we'll all be left with a very interesting set-up, and our own imaginations as to what could come next.

-Doug



Amos Hogan sat dejectedly in a skid row hotel room of Coral City, brooding over what has past and what is present, uncertain about what is future. Problems such as this are sure to offest everyone, but a dead man has these problems on a large scale if the dead man is alive.

"A drifter! Amos Hogan, hero as The Wedge, forced to live a secluded life because I'm dead! Forced to live one step ahead of a vagrancy charge. Woe is me!"

A knock on the door interrupts his delvings.

"Who's in there? I didn't rent this room!"

The desk clerk opens the door only to find no one there.

"Huh? Musta been my mind!" No one was there because Amos Hogan had flown out the window in his guise of The Wedge!

In downtown Coral City was the Police Department, another type of "super-hero". Patrolman Jim Falk was readying himself to go home after a good day's work. Jim hardly knew what he was doing, since he was lost in thought.

"Wow. Wotta Life! A wife and a new kid, a home in the suburbs, and super-powers besides! I sure made a 360° turn in life when The Wedge set me straight, detouring me off the road of crime. The Repulse is now on the side of good!"

Walking out of the station, he jumps in his car and drives for home.

In the chemistry lab of Coral City College sets Dr, Mel King, all tired out after a hard day.

"Oh whew, what a day. A workout will do me good!"

A workout for Dr. Mel King was a brief stint as Whitewater! He lifts a vial of white serum to his lips, and in a few seconds stands as the white-clad hero, after an implosion rocks the doctor's body. White-water flies out an open window, heading for the outskirts of the city.

Will Chambers sat in the drawing room of his palacial mansion on the outskirts of Coral City. Since he had developed his mental powers to their fullest extent, he had become a man with no more worries once more. Today, his doctor friend was out of town, leaving Will by himself. His thoughts almost became words as he sat in his easy chair, contemplating the state of affairs, since he now was a super-hero.

"I'm happy now, thanks to the good doctor. No worries at all, peace of mind due to my new powers... Wow, all this, and money too."

A gang of thugs interrupted his train of thought. A gun was shoved into the face of Will Chambers.

"Awwright, kid, where's da dough? Swell layout, kid! Too bad sumpin' should happen to it if youse should give us some lip! Give us da money kid, or we'll mess up that nice face of youse!"



A normal person would be quaking in his boots by now, but Will Chambers had powers beyond the ken and comprehension of normal people. His mind was the central part of his powers, and he was thinking of devilish tricks to preform on the thugs to teach them a lesson. But just before he started his work on the thugs, various things began to happen.

The large window of the drawing room was shattered by the white-clad form of Whitewater! Slithering under the door was the flapjack body of The Wedge! Crashing through the roof light came the Repulse! All were flying close, or utilized their powers to hear the threats upon the body of Will Chambers, alias Willpower.

The thugs tried to get away, but Will set up a mental wall, causing the thugs to knock themselves out as they ran into it. He put a mental envelope around their minds so they would not wake up at an inoportune time and hear or see something that would cause consequences in the future.

Will finally spoke to his "guests".

"I welcome you to my home, gentlemen, but I assure you I have sufficient talent to have rendered those thugs useless by myself. You see, I am a super-hero like yourselves, only I have not revealed myself wholly to the world. I have studied your powers thoroughly, even your secret identities are known to me, since I have the power to read minds.

"You, Whitewater, are too dependent on that white solution, since the time limit is about up. I suggest that you devise a similar formula but with a longer power span."

Will was right, since as he finished his talk, a cloud of smoke enveloped the body of Whitewater, with Dr. Mel King standing in the place of Whitewater, when the smoke cleared.

"And you, Wedge, some fancy trick you're playing on the world. A dead man brought back to life by Dr. Zolar is a pretty neat stunt, even by a super-hero. And a former criminal like you, Repulse, is doing a great good to humanity, by using your powers for good. Welcome to my house, Amos Hogan, Mel King and Jim Falk. Your secrets are forever locked within my mind. And if you gentlemen will turn your backs, I will show you my alter ego."

Will Chambers changed quickly into the guise of Willpower, master of mind and men.

Amos Hogan let the fears of others be revealed in his words.

"How do we know that your powers will be used for the good of humanity? Will our secrets really be safe with you? Let us know, Willpower, since you appear to be the most powerful of us all, since the power to read and control minds is a most dangerous one indeed!"

"Don't worry, gentlemen, as I said before, your secrets are safe



with me. I suggest a team, a team formed to combat crime and corruption and to keep the world decent for all. Perhaps that can be a name for us; "The Legion of Decency" is a suitable title for the four of us, and maybe others will join our ranks. I will send you a telepathic thought for the time of our monthly meetings, and we will also probably meet when we combat crime. Come to the meetings in civilian guise, gentlemen, so that no one will suspect our true identities. Until then, au revoir!!"

Each hero took a thug in each hand and left the mansion, leaving Will Chambers alone with his thoughts once more, as he will meet his new found allies once more when the Legion of Decency meets to combat crime and corruption everywhere!

The End

# COMICOLOGY

Comicology#5 was supposed to come out this summer. It has not. Comicology was supposed to be discontinued at #5. It will not.

As many of you know, I go to college this fall; I am majoring in chemistry at the University of Maryland, College Park. I had planned to have Co#5 out this summer and then discontinue publication indefinitely. But I have now found that with work, and other preparations for college, I have no time to put out Co#5 as planned. And it doesn't look like I'll be having time to publish a 50pp. article zine.

So, plans have had to change. Co has always leaned towards friendly discussion. So now its format will take a change making it even more towards that direction. Co will become a smaller 25¢ discussion zine/letterzine.

Included will be a lettercol, the fandom discussion column, and certain special features, including artwork, occasional articles, some fiction, and anything else that I happen to think would be nice. But the main emphasis will be on the discussion, in the lettercol and the fandom column. The new price is 25¢, although I hope most ~~people~~ fans will LOC each issue and receive it free. Issues will average 20-30 pages.

Co#5 should be out sometime this fall, published from my College Park address. If you haven't LOCed Co#4, dig it out and do it. If you don't have time or energy for that, 25¢ will do. As ever, though, I can still be reached at...

D. Douglas Fratz, Rural Route #1, Accident, Maryland 21520.



# COLONEL JACK BUCROGERS

by

Craig Wigton

Now, on to another theme: science fiction. And to put you all straight on your first and most obvious question, no, this story is not a specific satire on Buck Rogers. Again, this is a more general satire. Only Craig himself knows exactly why he used a name that is obviously a take-off on this famous comic strip science fiction character.

This story is actually my favorite of all Wigton stories (putting aside my fondness of The Wedge from being my first introduction to Wigton). The Wigton humor runs fast and strong throughout the whole piece; and as ever, the puns run both obvious and subtle.

The satire qualities of this piece can be appreciated by any fan familiar with science fiction hack work of the past fifty years (the older, the better, in this case) and in fact, with sf in general.

Colonel Jack Bucrogers would seem to be basically straight humor, if looked at on one level only. But I think it is possible to look deeper and find within a generalized, yet intricate satire on a whole field of writing; the pulp sf writings of the 1930s and 1940s.

I don't know... I just know that there is some overall quality about this story that I like...

*Doug*



The future is a veritable storehouse of new discoveries and inventions. There are the inventors; And there are the pioneers, those brave enough to test the untried. Such a man is Col. Jack Bucrogers, ace of the Space Patrol.

By the year 2001, many exciting things have happened. The moon has been colonized, and just like Spiro Agnew had forecasted, man's next step was Mars. The new space-warp drive enabled time to be compressed, so a journey to Mars could now only take a week instead of three months. This week was to be spent in suspended animation, because the space-time warp blew your mind if you experienced it awake. The man to be the guinea pig, the first man on Mars, was Colonel Jack Bucrogers.

A veteran of 20 years in the Space Patrol, the Colonel was now going to accomplish the unaccomplished: A manned trip to Mars!

The Colonel had been strapped into the cockpit of the giant spaceship, the Explorer. It was Bucrogers' personal ship, equipped for all possible emergencies, but all the luxuries a spaceman can afford. A complete laboratory served his scientific needs, capped off by a computer with all the information about space known to man stored in its memory banks.

"Central to Colonel. Everything's in readiness, awaiting your orders."

"Fine, Central. I am ready to throw the suspend switch. Blast-off for four intervals after animation. I will contact you after trans-Martial injection."

Colonel Bucrogers could feel two needles pricking him in the arm. The men at Central had thrown the switch that enabled the colonel to travel thru space unharmed. He could feel the special chemicals passing thru his body. Finally, he could feel no more, as he lapsed into suspended animation. Special vitamins and other nourishments were included in the injection, so that he would not die during the week in space.

Central viewed the ship and its contents disappear into another dimension. The men of the Space Patrol knew what happened if a man entered the warp with an unprotected mind. Many good men had been reduced to babbling idiots because of the experience of the other dimension. The combination of swirling colors, bright lights, loud noises, and other strange happenings played havoc with a person's mind, for that is what occurs as space and time are compressed in a space warp. Scientists had discovered many years before how to solve this problem.

A week had passed, and the Colonel was awakened from his protective sleep. The ship had been injected into orbit around the red planet.

"Central to Colonel. Our computers say you have been awakened and are in orbit around target. Verify."

"Roger, Central. My computer is determining a landing area. Wait, I see a suitable base-spot now. Will now attempt landing. Area is smooth, rock-hard surface. Looks safe for let-down. Computer verifies"



Computer power had replaced all the required manpowers in the space work of the future, at least in the case of landings. The computers were very advanced, but overwork was not a term in their memory banks. The Explorer slowly inched towards the Martian surface. Finally, a slight shudder engulfed the ship. Man had landed on Mars!

"Central, landing accomplished. Will prepare myself for exploration of surface."

"Right, Colonel. Your landing met with satisfaction from Headquarters."

Space Central Headquarters was not the scene of bedlam as the response to the landings in earlier days might have been. New accomplishments were met with complacency, as if to take for granted the fact computers would accomplish the necessary tasks, as they did.

Colonel Bucrogers began to prepare himself for the exploration of the Martian surface. In addition to his cumbersome flight suit and helmet, he attached a life-pac to his supply system, jets to his feet. Astronauts still used back-packs for their life-support systems in this world of the future, but with a noted change! A special solution drew the poisonous Martian air into the pac, reconverting it into oxygen, and storing the carbon dioxide near his feet to be mixed by the computer for use in his rocket boots later.

Exploratory satellites had revealed that there was no life on Mars, but the Colonel brought along a special type ray pistol made just for him. It converted the rays of the sun (or nearest star) to the right kind of weapon needed by the user.

He needed no special equipment to obtain rock samples or spectral analyses. Only a small bag for samples of the Martian dust, since computers could determine all the needed data. It seems all the fun, the excitement of new discoveries and events were just abandoned, taken for granted in this world of the future.

Colonel Bucrogers climbed down the ladder of the ship and stepped down on the surface.

"I claim this planet for the good of man, the goals of peace, for the use, exploration and colonization of the planets of the Space Patrol."

Only a small hint of emotion betrayed the colonel. Central instructed him to go about his business in the quickest way possible.

"Roger, Central. Will obtain samples of surface and then depart."

Colonel Bucrogers looked around for different samples of soil and dust. Going about his work, he felt something was amiss, as if someone was peering into his very brain. He turned around, coming face to faces with a Martian monster! A creature with 5 eyes, 4 arms and 3 legs!

"Central, respond Central! I've been cut off! What will..."

--No need for alarm, Colonel Jack Bucrogers of the Space Patrol, I will not harm you--



"Who are you? And what are you doing here? Our satellites revealed no life!"

--You needn't worry, Bucrogers. I am the last of the Martians to stay here. All have left because of your coming; We travel by our own thought waves. I am communicating with you thru your brain.--

"But how could you exist? Homo sapiens are the only life that exists in the entire universe. Our computers verify this!"

--Your computers are wrong, Jack Bucrogers. Since we travel by thought waves, we escaped detection by your satellites. I did not leave in time, and so you saw me.--

"But why haven't you contracted the proper authorities on on Earth as to your existance?"

--We knew if we did so it would cause havoc on Earth. Your people have been taught from the beginning that there is one type of man. You now know of the Martian people, and there are many other types of man living throughout the universe. Something must be done so that you will not remember me. Look into my eyes, Colonel Bucrogers, look into them and forget about our encounter. Perhaps we will meet again.--

Colonel Jack Bucrogers looked around him. He thought something was looking at him, but it must have been his imagination.

"Central to Colonel. What happened out there? We lost contact for awhile."

"Roger, Central. I must have been lost in thought. For a while, I actually imagined someone was up here with me!"

"Central here. You must have been awake during the warp phase. Surely you know that there is no life except man here on earth. The rest of the Universe is nothing but bare, barreh worlds. Science tells us that, and since science is a product of man, it is infallible. Get back to your ship, Colonel. Prepare for blast-off, and see you in a week."

With that we leave the Colonel till we leave again.

The End



# SU ZUKI.

Girl Detective

by

Craig Wigton

Moving right along now to our last story for this issue, we find Su Zuki, a chinese detective spoof. Er, Japanese, that is...

The humor is again running strong in this story, as it was in Colonel Jack Bucrogers. In fact, I think maybe Craig wrote this about the same time he did the sf take-off. Many of the same elements are in each.

Unfortunately, I am in no position to judge the true quality of the satire in this piece. I have never read many old detective pulps, or even seen many of the scads of old movies that this piece is probably satiring. (You know, this story more than any other Wigton work has the sort of graphic quality that makes me think that it would make a hilarious movie!)

Hey, a Wigton scripted movie, now there's an idea!

-Doug



Nestled in one of the many apartments in Tokyo is a champion of law and justice, the heroine of the forgotten man. Su Zuki, girl detective, is that person. Orphaned at an early age, she is now dedicated to cleaning up the streets of the vermin and their likes that had gunned down her parents. She had been taken under the wing of Mama Ha, a kind old woman. Her cousin (American), Mortie, and his dog Barf also live with them.

We find Su and company one morning eating breakfast. Mortie is reading the paper. One item of interest they enjoy is a crime column written by Hun Da, a Vietnamese journalist.

"Hey Su," mutters Mortie. "Didja read this? He interviewed King Chun, self-appointed monarch of the underworld. You're a target for revenge!"

"I'm not afraid," said Su.

CRASH!! A bellowing gas bomb comes crashing thru the window. All flop into their corn flakes and oatmeal as the gas renders them unconscious. Thugs enter the room, quickly carrying away Su to a fiendishly disguised hideout, a frozen sukiyaki factory.

"Ah so, Miss Zuki, we meet again, but under more favorable circumstances. No police, jail, or meddlers! Just my men, you, and I, Ha. Ha, Ha!"

"King," shouts 'Cookie' Fortune, gang prophet. "Don't do anything rash! I have a premonition of danger if anything should happen!"

"You fool," replied King. "You always have these feelings. Just be quiet."

"Yes, but there is an overvoid awareness of the infinitum intermingling with timelessness everlasting and grandeur parallelsected by diabolkarm trogs culminating in a terrible awareness that danger will occur!"

"'Zat so?" said everyone.

"Quiet," barked King. "The superstitious fool that cries wolf doesn't know my plans! I did not say that we would kill her. Slow, freezing death in the sukiyaki cooler is what she will experience. To suffer the agony of it all! Revenge is sweet! Ho, Ho, Ho!"

"I am not a coward," bravely said Su. "A good detective is not afraid to die. Thank you, Mr. Fortune, for sticking up for me, but I'm afraid it was all in vain."

"Hecrey," cried the gang members.

"Quiet," commanded Chun. "What do you say to this, Mr. Fortune?"

"My reply is that slow, paralyzing death is so much better than a pistol shot through the heart. Doom will not come because of this."

With that, she was thrown into the freezer, and they shut the one-way door and left, leaving Su alone with her misery and alot of sukiyaki.



As the icicles slowly formed from her tears, she thought about everything, about Mama Ha, Mortie, and Barf.

But what was that? Three short taps came from the door. Su answered them, and the door flew open. It was Mortie!

"Mortie, oh, Mortie, my dear cousin! How did you find me? I thought I was finished!"

"It was easy," Mortie bragged. "I just followed the scent of your Emerald West perfume; You sure layed it on heavy today! I found the factory and climbed in. It sure helps to have a refined nose like mine!"

"I think they went to the bar of their fair-weather gun moll, Wotta Tomato. Let's go there," commanded Su.

"Great," screamed Mortie. "Where would it be? It sure wouldn't be advertised in neon lights!"

"I have also determined that," replied the slippery sleuth. "An underworld hideout would be located underground, naturally. I have searched my files and uncovered the front for the bar, it is Yu Fool's place of business, a chinese laundry and notary public." Let's go!"

Phoning the police, she told them where to meet her. In a few short minutes, Su, Mortie, and fifty policemen converged on Yu's laundry. Leaving Tokyo's finest outside, the dazzling detective and her colleague entered.

"Ah, velly, velly good," murmured Yu, "velly fine customers. Welcome!"

"We didn't come for any laundry," proclaimed the pretty private eye. "The end of your monkey business is at hand. Where is Wotta Tomato's bar?"

"Who is Wotta Tomato, honorable ones? I do not know of scoundrel mentioned."

"Never mind," said Su. She jostled the old man aside and walked over to the ironing press. Lifting it, she pressed a button, and a door raised revealing a hidden passageway. Candles lit the way as the arresting party practically crawled down to the bar. When they arrived the lights went out, and the police, aided by infrared glasses, did their duty. The case was wrapped up in a short time. Everyone was served their just desserts.

Back in the apartment, the happy family are back doing their things."

"Hey Su!" cried Mortie. "Did you read Hun Da's write-up of the trial? All of the gang members got sent up the river for life, except for Wotta Tomato and old Fool. He was too old, and she was sent to the Tokyo Women's Reformatory."

"At least everyone got their..." A knock on the door interrupted Su, who got up and opened the door, and screamed "Eeek, it's you!!!"

Something made Su abandon her usual serene composure. Who is you? Is Yu you? Who Ha? If you really want to know, don't miss next adventure.  
The End







As the ladies slowly turned from her, she thought about everything, about Hsiao Hsiao, Mortie, and Earl.

But what was that? Three short taps came from the door. She answered them, and the door flew open. It was Mortie!

"Mortie, oh, Mortie, my dear cousin! How did you find me? I thought I was finished!"

"It was easy," Mortie bragged. "I just followed the scent of your Emerald West perfume. You sure laid it on heavy today! I found the factory and climbed in. It sure helps to have a refined nose like mine!"

"I think they sent in the bar of their fair-weather gun moll, Wotta Tomato. Let's go there," commanded Su.

"Great," screamed Mortie. "Where would it be? It sure wouldn't be advertised in neon lights!"

"I have also determined that," replied the slippery sleuth. "An underworld hideout would be located underground, naturally. I have searched my files and uncovered the front for the bar, it is in Fook's place of business, a Chinese laundry and notary public." Let's go!

Phoning the police, she told them where to meet her. In a few short minutes, Su, Mortie, and fifty policemen converged on Yu's laundry. Leaving Fook's front outside, the dazzling detective and her colleagues entered.

"An, velly, velly good," murmured Yu. "Velly fine customers. Welcome!"

"We didn't come for any laundry," proclaimed the pretty private eye. "The end of your monkey business is at hand. Where is Wotta Tomato's bar?"

"Who is Wotta Tomato, honorable ones? I do not know of someone mentioned."

"Never mind," said Su. She jostled the old man aside and walked over to the ironing press. Lifting it, she pressed a button, and a door raised revealing a hidden passageway. Candles lit the way as the arresting party practically tumbled down to the bar. When they arrived the lights went out, and the police, aided by infrared glasses, did their duty. The case wrapped up in a short time. Everyone was served their just desserts.

Back in the apartment, the happy family are back doing their things.

"Ray Ray!" cried Mortie. "Did you read Earl's write-up of the trial? All of the gang members got sent up the river for life, except for Wotta Tomato and old Fook. He was too old, and she was sent to the Tokyo Women's Reformatory."

"At least everyone got their...," A knock on the door interrupted Su, who got up and opened the door, and screamed "Look, it's Earl!"

Something made Su shudder but usual serene composure. She is not! Is it you? Who is? If you really want to know, don't miss next adventure.